

Children's Department.

HOW WILLIE FOUND HIS FATHER.

In a crowded London alley there once lived, with his mother, a boy by the name of Willie Parker. His father had been a sailor, and was supposed to have been lost at sea when Willie was a baby. Willie was a newsboy, but did not sell many papers, and his mother had to go out washing to earn a living.

One day Mrs. Parker was taken sick, and Willie had to leave her alone, while he went out to sell papers. It was very cold, and his coat, which was thin, did not shield him from the wind. He could not sell any papers, so he wandered about the streets. He came to where there were many fine houses. He saw some children playing in front of one of them. Pretty soon they began to quarrel, but Willie separated them. He then saw some boys playing football. He wanted to play with them, but they said: "We don't want no dirty, ragged boy like you playing with us." Willie passed corner after corner without selling a paper, and at last, discouraged, returned home.

"Have you sold any papers, my boy?" eagerly inquired his mother the moment he entered her room.

"No," he replied.

The poor woman's heart dropped at this answer, for she thought there was no hope for them now. They were without food and without money.

The next day Willie went out to pick up wood, but there was none to be found, and he was obliged to return, empty-handed, to his bleak and cold home. How unhappy he felt that he could not do more to help his sick mother! At last he again went out to see if he could not sell a few papers. He went to a part of the city where he had never been before. The houses were large and fine, the homes of wealthy people. Nobody would buy a paper of the ragged boy. The people pushed him away. The wind blew off a little girl's hat, and he kindly got it for her. Just as he handed the hat to the girl he saw a runaway coming down the street with a man in the carriage. The man could not hold the frightened horse, for one of his arms was paralyzed.

Now Willie was about thirteen years of age and strong. He sprang forward, and, just as the horse went by, caught the animal by the bit and hung on until help came and the horse was stopped. The gentleman in the carriage thanked him, and inquired where he lived.

Willie told him, and then before he could ask any more questions hastened

home. He thought no more about this adventure.

The next day some one knocked at the door. He opened it, and in stepped a man in full livery. He requested Willie to go with him. Willie went, and soon came into the street where he had stopped the runaway. The man took him to Mr. Parker, for that was the name of the gentleman who was in the carriage. Mr. Parker had Willie tell him his name and give him the history of his life. When Willie had finished, the gentleman, with tears of joy in his eyes, caught up the astonished boy and embraced and kissed him over and over.

"I am your father, and you are my own dear little Willie," he said, as he held him tight to his bosom.

As soon as carriage and horses could take them there, Willie and his father were at the bedside of the sick woman.

That was a happy day for Willie and his mother. Mrs. Parker was at once removed to her husband's beautiful home, where she soon recovered her health. Mr. Parker had been shipwrecked on an island, and while there he had discovered a rich mine of gold. At last, after ten long, lonely years spent on the island, a ship came by and picked him up and landed him in London, a very wealthy man. He had tried to find his wife and child; but as they had moved many times, so far he had tried in vain.

Willie is now a man, and is married. He has control over all his father's great wealth, and is kind and charitable to the poor. He has helped to educate and care for many a poor newsboy. "For," says he, "I was once one, and I know what a hard life they live."—*Sunny Hour*.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I asked her one day how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so opposed to her own. This was her answer: "Because to the authority of a father I do not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit a fault, did they perform a good action, I opened the Bible; and the Bible answered, reproof, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the scriptures has wrought the prodigy which surprises you."—*A Monod*.

SPOILING CHILDREN.

Sacrifice appears to be the predominating element in a mother's nature. She is willing to deprive herself of actual necessities for the sake of giving to her children, and when taxed by others with the too great self-denial will plead as her excuse that it is for the children.

Parents save and skimp themselves of many comforts, they toil from morning until night, with but one object in view—the future happiness of the sons and daughters God has given them; and in how many cases does their sacrifice result in fostering in the hearts and minds of those for whom they slave, a selfishness that causes them to accept all that is done for them as their due, and complain because greater favors are not in the power of the parents to bestow?

We know how the great mother heart has no boundary in its loving desires and earnest wishes for life's best gifts to be showered upon the children that bear her name; but after all, is this continual subjugation of self the best training for those that are in time to be turned loose upon the world and fight there the battle for daily bread and earthly preference?

The children who have been accustomed to get all that they desired, even though they crippled the purse of father and mother in the accomplishment of their wishes, will find that the great world is not so willing to bend to their slightest whim, and strangers are not prone to give up the best places and greatest good to them as mother and father have always done.

Life will be much harder for them if they have been spoiled at home, and the selfish nature which has been encouraged there will materially work against them when they come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men. Remember this, all ye dear, kind-hearted fathers and mothers, when you feel tempted to forego some personal benefit and plead that the sacrifice is made for the sake of the children.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

IN the whole range of earthly experience, no quality is more attractive and ennobling than moral courage. Like that mountain of rocks which towers aloft in the Irish sea, the man possessed of this principle is unmoved by the swelling surges which fret and fume at his feet. And yet, unlike that same Ailsa Craig, he is sensitive beyond measure to every adverse influence—battling against it, and triumphing over it by power that proceeds from God's throne, and pervades his entire being.—*J. McHomes*.

A SELFISH reform commits suicide.